

# AS CAMPAIGN LEAGUERS GRIFFS SHOW THEY HAVE CHANCE TO WIN BANNER

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

Today the Griffmen are but three and a half games behind first place and they have twelve more games to play at home before taking a journey through the Eastern half of the American League circuit. They have lived up to most of the rosy predictions made for them while they were battling in the West. Their hitting has continued good, their fielding has become smoother and, better than all, their pitching has tightened up right now George McBride's mound staff is showing quite the best class in the circuit. Here and there some one or even two hurlers are delivering for some club, but no entire staff is doing as well as the Griff slingers.

The American League race is tightening rapidly, with the Washington club very much in it. The Cleveland Indians, who have been leading for several weeks, have been hit with injuries and have shown signs of cracking under the strain. They are coming back to the rest of the teams slowly but with deadly certainty.

The New York Yankees, after getting their bumps at Georgia avenue, are playing better ball at home and are doing their share toward making the race closer. They walked the Browns and have started in to score the chute for the champions. The Red Sox are proving stubborn opponents. They turned back the Indians and have now begun to worry the Browns.

The Griffmen crushed the White Sox and have opened the Detroit series with a victory, 3 to 2, in a brilliant play-off game going ten innings before the decision was made.

**FIVE ARE IN IT.**

Five clubs are in this battle for honors in the American League as the campaign swings into its third month. Cleveland and Detroit represent the West. New York, Washington and Boston are the Eastern candidates for top honors. He would, indeed, be a wise man who could pick the ultimate winner right now.

The Griffmen, suffering from slippish pitching, are now being provided with the real stuff. George McBride has been the only consistent performer from the beginning, but now he is being helped out by Walter Johnson, Jeebel Tecumseh Zachary and Jose Acosta, with now and then a decent exhibition from Courtney.

There is considerable luck in winning a pennant, even as there is in winning a place in the first division. If McBride can escape having any serious injury after his regulars and his pitchers continue their present gait, there is no reason to believe that the Griffmen won't finish high in the race. Indeed, first place is not impossible to them.

The honest-to-goodness truth of the matter is that the league is weak this season. There is an oversupply of dull wits in uniform. There are many players thinking more of their farms or their motors cars than they are of winning the next day's ball game.

With conditions as they are, George McBride has a good chance of winning there is in the circuit. A little ambition injected into it here and there, a little more pep, a wee bit more alertness in one or two stars, and a helpful hand from the outside, turning after Pat Garrity and Bucky Harris, and the Griffmen have a pennant in their grasp.

George McBride has the honest support of every fan in the vicinity, which goes much farther than the confines of the District of Columbia. Maryland and Virginia fans are quite as interested as those of the Capital itself. Therefore, as he is a wise man and excelled in baseball ways, he will not be nettled because the fans are yelling for Bing Miller and Turkey Brower. He will retain in the lineup the right fielder who shows the consuming interest of the fans. They believe that the new players can bring the ultimate triumph. If not this year, some time near in the future. This is a little or no faith whatever in the efforts of the veterans.

**THE CHEER BROWER.**

Zeb Milan started yesterday's game in left field but after coming in fast on Leonard's short fly, which O'Rourke went out and caught, the Griff captain was forced to quit. McBride immediately sent him to the left field and Broer to right.

The tall Virginian was given a wild welcome from the fans as soon as he stuck his head out of the dugout. His timely hitting has been a mainstay to the right fielders who have been evened out by his clutch fielding. They realize that he is doing the best he can in the field. They know he can throw and they are darned sure he can hit, especially when hits count.

George McBride is manager of the Washington club. Upon his shoulders is the heavy responsibility for getting the most out of the team on the field. He may be depended upon to do his best, straining every nerve to get the strongest combination on the diamond each and every day.

Therefore, McBride is not losing much sleep over the wild opinions of the fans when they say that the team don't happen to jibe with him. At the same time he is not so blind as to overlook their interested opinions, knowing that the fans make the game.

The morale of the Griffmen is passing fair. There are no politics working beneath the surface to keep this man in and that man out. If the team proves itself, it will be only because it lacks the stuff to make a winner.

Today the Griffmen look quite as powerful as any other team in the league. They lack a Bucky Harris, they lack a Courtney, they lack a Carl Mays, thank heaven. But they don't lack for the team work that brings victories on the diamond and, with the Washington fans pouring in the support, it is possible for them to win the American League pennant this season of 1921.

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# JOE JUDGE CAN'T SCORE EVERY TIME, SO HERE YOU SEE HIM OUT AT THE PLATTER



George McBride's crack little first-sacker grabbed himself three bingles yesterday, including a sweet three-bagger, and scored his team's three runs all by himself, but he can't score every time he gets on the paths. So here you see, through Carl T. Thoner's little black box, Judge's demise at the platter in the sixth inning of yesterday's clash with the Tigers. Judge was on third with one out when Sam Rice hopped one to Donie Bush. Joe dug for the dish, but it was hopeless, Bush's peg easily beating him to the mark.

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# MILLER AND BROWER STAR IN GRIFFMEN'S TRIUMPH

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

Bing Miller and Turkey Brower, that pair of newcomers in the ranks of the Griffmen, are responsible more than anybody else, with the possible exception of Jeebel Tecumseh Zachary, for the victory of the Washingtonians over Ty Cobb and his Detroit Jungle Cats in the first game of the series at Georgia avenue. Miller pushed the first run of the day across and saved several more by brilliant running catches. Turkey Brower slammed across the deciding tally in the tenth inning with two on and two out. No wonder those youngsters are riding high in the estimation of the fans who go to the ball park every day to pull for the Griffmen.

Miller started the game in right field, with Zeb Milan in left and Brower on the bench. In the fourth frame Milan pulled his charleyhorse coming in fast for a short fly from Leonard's bat that Blackie O'Rourke gathered in and Miller went across to left field and Brower took his place in right.

Did the fans greet Brower rapturously? They did. They howled with glee and the tall Virginian immediately got busy. But he was not as busy as his partner, Bing Miller. The bulky Little Rock wonder gave a fancy exhibition of running and retrieving as soon as he got over into left field.

**MAKES TWO CATCHES.**

In the seventh inning, with the Tigers fighting tooth and nail to come up with their rivals, Bing Miller made two running catches that were the real thing. Almsmith drove out toward the left field bleachers, but Miller raced out and seized it. Then Lu Blue sent him even farther for another one. On both of these catches Bing showed speed on the old nose and absolutely accurate judgment of a fly ball.

Blue gave Miller another long run in the ninth, with one on and one gone, and the score tied. This time Miller had to wander over toward center field. He waved his arms away and camped under that pill with easy abandon.

Bobby Veatch, the last Tiger at bat in the tenth, slammed another powerful drive into left center and sent the field into a wild riot away and camped under that pill with easy abandon.

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